[fic] A series of romances.

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Title: A series of romances.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, dubcon, gangbanging.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Michael, Lucifer/Raphael, Lucifer/Gabriel, Lucifer/Uriel.
Word Count: 1,071 words.
Summary: Michael tries to redeem Lucifer by making him the focus of a family activity.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was gangbang.

Many, many thanks to **~~ravenspear~~** for making this exist. :3

It's too much; too many repetitions of fingers and skin and he is *sore*, body overused and abused and there's never an end to it.

He almost cries with relief when his bindings are removed except that he is too spent to get up and Raphael is already stepping forward, thrusting into him again.

He moans out a protest, but Raphael shakes his head and continues to thrust, and Lucifer wants to protest that neither of them are enjoying it. Raphael's movements are almost mechanical, and he holds Lucifer's hips too tightly for comfort.

Lucifer almost misses the satsified gleam in Raphael's eyes, and he almost misses the sneer twisting his lips, but it will take a lot more sex to dull away his mind.

Raphael comes with a low grunt, sliding free and stepping back to clear the space for the next, and Lucifer has to turn his head because it is Michael.

Michael is not someone he wants to watch, not when he is concerned and convinced that this is for Lucifer's benefit, not when Michael takes pains to be gentle as he takes Lucifer.

Lucifer shoves at Michael's hands, barely holds back a moan as the movement coincides with a new angle from Michael, and Michael catches his wrists, murmuring endearments as he pushes Lucifer back down into the pillows.

Lucifer struggles briefly before letting himself go limp as Michael continues, and he admits it briefly to himself: as much as he hates being confined like this, and as much as he hates Michael's attitude - all of their attitudes - the sex itself is good. Contact, touching, as overpowering as it is he cannot help but soak it up, for it is warmth and it has been *such* a long time...

Michael comes and he too steps away, and it's barely seconds before Gabriel has moved in, and Lucifer knows that Michael has forced him to wait his turn more than once. There's eagerness, and frustration there as Gabriel spreads him with greedy fingers and thrusts in.

Lucifer shudders, because here is where his enjoyment of the contact and the physical falters: Gabriel is too grabby, too quick, and Lucifer is already raw and oversensitive

because they've been at this for a long time already. Gabriel never lets up, and someday Lucifer will get a chance to work him over as payback. Gabriel hisses laughter (and earns a stern look from Michael for it) as Lucifer's struggles increase and slows his thrusts to prolong it.

Lucifer pants as Gabriel draws it out, gaze drifting along the ceiling before it returns to where it always does when it's Gabriel's turn: to the scar on his chest, the puckered skin where Gabriel's blade tore through his chest.

Gabriel's hand may have been on the blade, but it was Lucifer who landed the blow, and this time, out of spite due to the rough treatment, he reaches up and touches the scar.

His hand is trembling as he feels the rough edges of the skin, and he doesn't miss how Gabriel is frozen, suddenly statuesque, the usual animation he brings to his vessel gone.

He looks postively angelic like this, Lucifer thinks, and he grins as he lets his hand slide down Gabriel's chest and stomach before dropping to the bed.

It hurts when Gabriel gives a sudden roar and thrusts into him viciously, nails digging into his skin with the intention of tearing, but Michael and Raphael are there to drag him off, and Lucifer lets out a quiet laugh at that. If Michael wants to redeem him through contact and sex, he'll need to do better than bring Gabriel to the table.

Which is probably why Uriel's next, because his touch is gentle, and he bends to kiss Lucifer, a fierce devotion showing through, and if there is anything Lucifer can appreciate it is loyalty.

Lucifer shares a look with Uriel, one that shows that he trusts Uriel despite Michael's scheme, and Uriel returns it (as he always does), before he thrusts in, slow and gentle.

Uriel's first time had been hard and rough and enjoyable for the both of them, but now Lucifer is sore and raw and Uriel accomodates that.

He bends to kiss Lucifer as he thrusts, and Lucifer closes his eyes, letting himself relax (or try to) as his frayed nerves try to adjust.

It's a slow fuck, one that Lucifer eases himself into, and it's a welcome reprieve from the rest of the angels, which makes it both a joy to see Uriel come and a disappointment that his turn is over.

Lucifer lies back, waiting for the next one (it always varies, depending on Michael's choice, as Michael is keeping this in the inner ranks of the family) and hopes it won't be Michael himself.

Michael approaches him.

"Are we done?" Lucifer asks, voice raspy.

"As an apology for Gabriel's behavior," Michael says, thrusting in. His grip on Lucifer's hips is tight. "And as admonishment for your behavior. We're not done yet, when we might have been."

"Liar," Lucifer says, and he closes his eyes. "Go on, then. I'm ready."

Michael smiles with concerned frustration and leans over him.

"Stop acting like this, brother," Michael whispers. "We're here for you, to welcome you back, and antagonizing is - "

"What I was made for."

"I still love you." Michael continues. "Let us love you."

Lucifer doesn't open his eyes. "You're all stronger because of me."

Michael doesn't answer him, instead thrusting harder; faster. He raises a hand to brush the backs of his knuckles against Lucifer's cheek.

"I love you," he whispers. "Stop turning me away." There's desperation in his voice, and Lucifer knows him well enough to hear the jealousy that's so well hidden. Michael wants what Lucifer has with Uriel, he wants that kind of trust.

Lucifer almost replies, almost says words that will hurt Michael and make this last longer than it should, but: he is sore, he is tired, and he has already driven Gabriel to lash out at him.

If he waits long enough, he will get to touch Uriel again, and if he waits even longer Michael will let this notion go and think up a suitable way to hold him in Heaven without betraying the fact that Lucifer hasn't repented.

So: he spreads his legs and glints his eyes open to watch Michael and he waits.